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Economy in Pocket at the Expense of Good Health.

**SPOTLIGHTS.**  
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**WORLDLINGS.**  
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**VAGRANT VERSES.**  
The "Masher."

**A Plain Statement.**  
(From Peck.)

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Mr. ANTHONY COMSTOCK does not approve of the metropolitan press. He spoke very disparagingly of it to the young men whom he lectured to at the Harlem Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

Rapid Transit should be introduced in this city in some shape which will, if possible, guard against delays in time from weather disturbances. The clogging of transportation which is subject to inconvenience during winter storms is a disagreeable and irritating thing.

Dead beats ought to be good subjects for heart failure.

Stogipia would be better off if their situation had more at it.

Robert Porter ham's addy-ness to him, judging by the census figure.

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**THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.**  
Fads, Fashions and Fancies That  
Delight the Gentler Sex.

**Flance, a New Mauve Shade—**  
Wooden Candlesticks for Room  
Corners—Latest Parisian  
Flowers—Costumes at  
a Grace Church  
Wedding.

It is rumored that the Pope has sent the Golden Rose to Mr. Carson. One of the ladies members of the sovereign families in Europe is chosen every year for this honor. It consists of a single flower on a stem with a few leaves attached, all worked in the precious metal.

At a general restaurant, where the patronage is three-quarters men, this would be another matter, but the moment you serve a woman who is not accustomed to liquor any stimulant you must look after her. This would imply special service and more interest than we care to bestow.

"I'll tell you, though, what the New York shoppers do drink—hot water. At first we served it for nothing, but when the crass broke out like a society cataract we just couldn't control the boilers. Now we serve a pond of hot Croton every day at the same price as we do milk."

What do the ladies look like who order this steaming beverage?  
"Like corned beef. But there's money in it for us, and the more they drink the better we like it." NELL NELSON.

**THE POWER OF HABIT.**  
How Tincture of Aloes Got the Better of a Bright Young Man.

I have read of men who have acquired the habit of chewing cloves or coffee beans until the habit had taken as strong a hold as ever did alcohol, morphine or cocaine upon its victims.

I readily believe this, because there is a young man of my acquaintance who actually acquired what was for a long time an uncontrollable taste for tincture of aloes.

He was advised to touch the tips of his fingers with the tincture of aloes. At first the remedy was successful, but the doctor's nibble at his nails was incessant.

Gradually he got used to the bitter taste. Later on he craved it, and he actually reached the point where he carried a vial of the fluid about with him and applied it from time to time to his finger ends.

The effect on his constitution of this tincture of aloes was so serious that he applied to a celebrated specialist, who, treating the habit as a disease, in a most judicious manner effected a cure.

The young man now grows tall and robust, and his nails are gnawed down to the quick formerly.

**A MODERN FABLE.**  
The Following of Example Is Not Always the Proper Caper.

One day a Peasant carried a Basket of Potatoes to the village and dug holes in the soil and planted them.

The Detroit Free Press. His young son watched the operations for a time and then inquired:

"Pop, why do you put those 'taters in the ground?"

"So doing each one will bring me back ten," replied the father.

"The boy went away and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and asked:

"Sonny, what are you seeking for?"

"Why, pop, I have planted the clock, the butter, the butter, the butter, the butter, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young idiot, come out and be paraded by the father and he taunted that boy up and down and crosswise and sideways until the supply of potatoes was exhausted.

"Pop planted 'taters to get back ten," mused the boy, as he sat down to dinner.

"I planted clocks and hats and shoes to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil."

**NOT DRINK, BUT GUM.**  
His Going Out Between Acts Was Badly Misconstrued.

"My dear," said young Mrs. Fitts at the play, "it is humiliating confession for me to make, but I am positively nervous for want of a piece of gum."

"I'll get you some as soon as the curtain falls," said Mr. Fitts.

And, saying, the father and he taunted that boy up and down and crosswise and sideways until the supply of potatoes was exhausted.

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**PRATISE IS A BUBBLE.**  
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I was greatly surprised at learning that George W. Unger had joined the ranks of Tammany Hall. George has, for many years, been drawing a salary of \$3,000 annually as a Police Court Clerk, and an addition of \$1,000 as Secretary of the Board of Police Judges. Yet, during all that time, though the political complexion of the Board has been Democratic, Unger has maintained his membership in the Republican party until now.

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The Fallowcroft Club paid on Feb. 1 the interest on its \$100,000 bond issue of \$1,000. The club appears to be in a flourishing condition, and this information ought to cheer its members.

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Deputy United States Collector Dennis Shea, the Republican leader in the Second District, is looked on by the members of Carnegie as their chief. Mr. Shea was the pioneer city man to build a boat-house there, and he now owns one where he entertains his friends which is a very cosy place and uniquely decorated.

One of the tapestry paintings which decorates the side of the private boxes at the Star Theatre is a copy of Marcus Stone's celebrated painting, "The Young Lady's Choice." By a singular coincidence the young lady who was by request to Marcus Stone for the original painting occupied an orchestra stall on Friday evening close to the box. It was the charming young English actress Margaret St. John, too soon seen by New York audiences.

Another lecture was given last evening at the Broadway Theatre in aid of the Building Fund of the New York Press Club. Prof. Cronwell was the lecturer, and the large audience indicated that another round sum would go to swell the fund.

An interesting story in human nature is afforded at the Fifty-seventh street station when the train pulls in. At the early morning hours most of the passengers are men, and the majority of them want to get in the rear car, where each one has a particular seat he hopes to get.

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